



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

985

B827

n

UC-NRLF



QB 273 264

YB 12082

GIFT OF
Eve Brazier.



935
B227
-1

NOW I SEE



BY

EVE BRAZIER

Eve Brazier

NOW I SEE

BY

EVE BRAZIER



1922

Printed for the Author
by

HARR WAGNER PUBLISHING CO.
San Francisco
California

TO YVON
BIBBING

Copyrighted
by
Eve Brazier
1922

Gift of Eve Brazier

FOREWORD

The following poems are purely inspirational, the direct result of light gained thru taking a course of psychological lessons from Harry Gaze in April, 1922. Previous to that time I had never even thought of writing poems. I pass them on just as they came, with the hope of imparting to others the same joyous consciousness gained by myself thru the application of constructive thoughts.

With love to all,

Sincerely yours,

EVE BRAZIER.

June 1st, 1922,

Berkeley, California.

**A DEDICATION TO HARRY GAZE
PSYCHOLOGIST**

Now I See

5,

The Pioneer

Oh Harry! you're a wonder;
You give us pure delight.
You take despair away from man
And fill him full of light.
What a pioneer you've been
In this psychology;
How glorious the message is,
We need but "Gaze" and see.

With boldness and with courage,
You've shown how well it pays
To follow in His footsteps,
To chant the song of praise,
Constructive thoughts, constructive words,
This is your song of glee
And yet, you say,—you do not sing,
Oh, Harry, fie on thee.

A Vision

Today I have caught a vision,
My Soul has been set free,
We live in a perfect universe
Of rhythm and harmony.
The world is throbbing with music,
With joyous ecstasy,
The ethers are rich in promise
To humanity when set free.

Oh, come! open wide the window,
Let your soul be filled with glee,
Rejoicing in the promise
Of the glorious things to be.
Let your mind be filled with gladness,
Let your body be pure and strong,
Open wide your ears and listen
To the wonderful joyous song.

In Love With Me

I want to be in love with me
As the years go gaily by,
To respect myself, be true to myself
And look myself straight in the eye.
To have thoughts so kind, pure, and true
That others as well as I
May look into myself and see the blue
Of a serene, unclouded sky.

I want to be in love with you
As the years go passing by.
To know we live in a Friendly world,
United, beneath one sky.
And you, my brother, are basking
In the warmth of the same good sun;
In breathing, living, and feeling
We are equal, all as one.

Be Kind

So many dogmas, creeds there are
Wrapping us about,
It seems almost impossible
To break them and get out.
But, once we break the crusted shell
As does the butterfly,
Freed are we from thought of hell
Almost could we fly.

So buoyant, light and gay are we,
No longer in a rut,
We feel as does the busy bee
When with honey-glut,
Contented, to have done our best,
To know what's needed here
Is to "Be Kind" and always wear
A face of radiant cheer.

Thought Power

A thought's a thing, vital, living,
With a promise sure and true.
What you're sending out today, dear,
Will boomerang back unto you.
Shall you like it? that depends now
On its texture, false or true.
Watch your thought, and have it building.
Finer, better life for you.

There's an army of construction
Working in you all the time,
Carrying out your smallest orders,
Whether wrong, or great and fine.
Make yourself a trusted leader,
Issuing commands so right
That your army's always victor,
No matter how or where the fight.

The Master

With absolute assurance
His promises are made;
There is no compromising,
No meaning you can shade.
“Verily! Verily!” says He unto you,
“He that believeth on me
These works shall also do.”
Yea, these, and even greater,
His promise doth contain,
All power for perfect healing,
True freedom from all pain,
He that believeth on me
Will taste the joy supreme
Of Oneness with the Father
In service will be keen,
And he will know the glory
With Christ the perfect key
Of the wondrous resurrection
Taking place in you and me.

Abundance

I went out by the shore one day
And sat down by the sea.
How foolish of you to cry for more,
A voice said unto me.
Try to count the sands on the shore,
Measure the depth of the sea;
“Do you think I’d be so liberal here
And leave a lack for thee?”

I went for a walk in a beautiful place
Where flowers and oak trees grew.
Said the Oak: Greetings, sister; look at me;
Every year I am made anew.
Said the perfectly lovely perfumed flowers:
We just trust and know
The sun and the rain, the dew and the earth
Are helping us to grow.

Exaltation

Under stress of great emotion
You can do a lot of good,
If you seize those very moments
To inspire your soul with food.
Thoughts of courage, life, ambition,
Desire to be a great success:
These are made a vital factor
Under great emotions stress.

That's the time when your subconscious
Is most sensitized, and you
Can paint therein the picture
Of the thing you want to do.
So seize these precious, vital moments,
Stamp them with desire's keen edge;
Know that interest you will gather
On the realization of your pledge.

The Silence

How perfect is Thy wondrous love,
 Enfolding us so sweet,
When in the golden silence hour
 With Thee we find retreat.
Thy rich ideas Thou giv'st us,
 Thy gold of pure alloy,
Thou pour'st out Thy health supreme,
 Our souls are filled with joy.

The Purpose of Life

To express Thee from within out;
To live by "Faith," free from doubt,
To know my part of the eternal plan
Is, to be a friend to every man,
With eye single to the good.
Calm, serene, unchained by mood,
To be alive, alert, and free,
In sweet communion Lord with Thee.

Forgiveness

Forgive me, dear; Oh! can't you hear
The love that's in that cry?
The longing that's expressed therein,
The hope that you'll deny
A need for condemnation,
That only will you see
The beautiful atonement
Of love they're bringing thee.

"Forgive them, Father, for they
Know not what they do."
How loving was the Master,
How very well He knew.
Had they really known Him
As Master, Lord, and King,
They would have crowned, instead
Of crucifying Him.

Praise

Praise yourself, your neighbor
And every living thing.
In this way you're inviting
The Lord to enter in.
Every word you utter
With a ring of praise
Is enthroning Him as Master
In all your thoughts and ways.

We all respond to praise
Like flowers to the sun,
Showing forth so many beauties
Where before we saw but one.
Above all, praise the little ones,
Each little child we know
Is eager for our loving praise
To help them truly grow.

Trust

Oh! the joy there is in trusting,
Trusting yourself, and the rest,
Always looking for the good,
Knowing that each one is blest
With a power that lives within,
Longing, waiting to express
Something beautiful and perfect
That will quiet their unrest.

Let us cultivate a trust
In the power within.
We shall not fail, stagnate, or rust
With "It" to help us win.
Win we must, if God we trust,
That's absolute and sure;
He always gives with measure full
What we, in trust, ask for.

Visualization

Have you the picture in your mind
Of what you wish to achieve?
If not, then draw one quickly
And know, you must believe
In the power of Mind to build exact
The plan given it by man,
Just as a building rises from
An architectural plan.

First the idea, then the sketch,
Then the plan complete.
Out in the world of cause and effect
The workers next you'll meet.
Carry your plan with you,
Have its specifications met,
Then know its concrete duplicate
Is just what you will get.

The Teacher

Today I ask Thy blessing, Lord,
For teachers that I know—
Teachers kind, wise, and true,
Who seem to overflow
With inspiration fresh and new,
With courage and with zest,
To so impart their knowledge
They bring out their pupils' best.

One there is, I have in mind,
She took a girl of mine
And filled her with desire to be
A teacher most sublime.
By example of right judgment,
Wisdom, love, and truth,
She stood there at the crossroads
Pointing aright to youth.

The Invisible Friend

Have you a longing for a friend?
Know that he is near,
Not visible to the naked eye,
But close to you, my dear—
Nearer even than breathing,
Closer than hands or feet,
With companionship so tender
Your every need to meet.

The beauty of this friendship
Surpasseth any other,
Giving more responsiveness
Even than a lover—
Bringing the fruit of spirit,
Stilling your unrest,
Giving you love abundant,
Making you truly blest.

Subconscious Mind

Subconscious Mind! how wonderful
The treasures it doth hold,
Memories of plays, songs,
Stories we've been told;
Pictures, scenes, taken in
With the conscious vision,
All stored up in the great within
Through conscious Mind's transmission.

How perfectly it doth obey
The conscious Mind's command!
It knows no controversy,
It voices no demands.
It carries out quite logically
Ideas to their conclusion,
So with right thought from conscious Mind
There's wonderful transfusion.

Victory

Today the song of victory
Comes clearly unto me.
I see us really living
From Illusion's snare set free.
We have been like little ones,
Terribly afraid
Of shadows cast upon the wall
Which we ourselves had made.

Oh! we made strange shadows,
Grotesque and ugly, too;
But now I see them blotted out
And clearly comes to view
A vision of us so radiant,
A picture of earth so fair,
Immune are we from shadow
Across our pathway there.

Healing

“The All Enfolding Love of God
Casts out every fear.”
This perfect thought will make as naught,
Thought of sickness here;
For when this thought is finely wrought
Into the mind and soul,
Bodily ills will disappear,
Dissolved by perfect whole.

Holiness means whole-I-ness
Of Soul, Mind, and Body;
The Comforter, the truth within,
Love better than a hobby.
Forget about the transient ills
That try to claim attention;
Voice glorious life, instead, and see
That ills you do not mention.

Constructive Words

Swift as a bird on the wing
Is the joy that a word can bring,
Filling us with good cheer
When all seemed dark and drear;
Lifting us out of the mire,
Sweeping away the desire
To brood, and let despair
Our higher thought ensnare.

Life-giving words! let's send them
Forth with vital health to men,
Restoring, building, boosting,
Making the song we sing
Inspire to richer living;
Let's have the joy of giving,
And in the giving, truly find
We've healed ourselves thru being kind.

Success

How very meteoric,
They say, was his success!
But if they'd seen what I have seen
They'd know why he was blest.
He saw himself a leader,
Thought of it day and night,
Denied himself, applied himself
With brains, and all his might.

And every day he listened
To the "voice" that spoke within;
He was guided by it rightly,
Always was lead to win.
Now it's all clear sailing—
He and success are chums;
To those who truly win her,
She hands the choicest plums.

Faith

Oh! the wonderful power of "Faith."

Without it you cannot be
Calm and serene, walking in peace
Amidst humanity.

Take it to thy heart and see
The vision it will bring:
Your forces in command will be
Of a sure, unfailing King.

Is thy body ill?

Dos't call a doctor in?
Without thy "faith" his medicines
Small ease or comfort bring.
Faith will make your pathway smooth,
Ease your bed of pain,
All your troubles will it lose,
Make victory your gain.

Creation

Each man his own creator.
Does that sound good to you?
Each one with ability
To make himself anew.
For in truth we are creating
Our own environment,
With careless thought or watchful,
With good or bad intent.

Come, let us be creating
Finer, better lives;
Let's join hands in service,
And be with Nature wise.
Then finally win reward deserved
Of good environment,
Evolving, upward growing,
Our souls filled with content.

Life

Life! how glad I am
My mother gave me birth,
And let me get acquainted
With thee upon this earth.
Some claim they are weary,
Would really like to die
And vanish to a heaven
Somewhere up in the sky.

I want no better heaven
Than life right here can be,
With love, peace, joy and power
And deep tranquillity.
Those who find not heaven
In and around them here
Will very disappointed be
In some other sphere.

Understanding

Lord, do I understand aright
Thou art with us day and night—
Ready to still the noisy din,
Waiting patiently within—
There with message plain and clear,
Whenever trouble hovers near,
Showing us the perfect way
Of steering thru a threatening day?

Yes, child! I am always there,
Willing to make thy skies more fair;
Always longing to impress
Myself upon thy consciousness;
But you do not let me out;
Frantically you rush about,
In excitement, pleasure bent,
Missing thereby true content.

Service

Oh God! how beautiful Thou art,
How wondrous are Thy ways.
Thy glorious works to me impart
Desire to chant Thy praise.
Each day brings a treasure new
That hitherto I missed.
How I rejoice to catch the view
Of something more you've kissed.

Oh Father, Mother, Loving God!
Thou'rt everything to me.
May I always have the job
Of voicing praise to Thee.
How blest am I in knowing clear
Thy love fills all of space.
How good to know Thy presence dear
Gives life to every place.

Love

Love is the perfect essence
Of all good diffused
Throughout the universe.

By wireless it is used;
We are living Radios.
Get the message—"Love";
Fly it out by word of mouth,
Like a pure white dove.

Absorb it in our thought world,
Watch it melt away—

Clouds dark and threatening,
That seemed to voice—decay.

Let it fill our heart and soul,
Mind and body, too;

Then shall we sing with joyous song
"Love hath made us anew."

Radiance

Oh, but I want to radiate,
To throb and pulse and beat
In perfect unison with Thee,
With joyous rythm greet
The rising of the sun,
The glory of the day,
The quiet beauty of the night,
With stars to light our way.

Oh, I want to shine Thee forth
With radiance sublime,
Showing here and there a light
By which all may climb
Up! Up! away from fear,
And other man-made things,
Into the realms of radiant joy
Where every creature sings.

Friends

Methinks, how good it is to spend
An evening with true friends;
To hear the cheering repartee
When the party ends.
You laugh, talk, exchange a tho't,
And richer grow thereby.
It's good to see the love that beams
From out your dear friend's eye.

Let's cultivate these evenings
Of genial delight,
Inspire a merry radiant glow,
Watch some friend's eye grow bright
Bright with purpose ready,
A better friend to be,
Because the love you handed out
Was from the heart they see.

Purity

"Blessed are the pure in heart,"
Said Jesus long ago;
For from God they ne'er depart.
They see Him in high and low,
The pure in heart, so guileless,
Knowing no deceit,
Going forth in happiness
"Good" with smiles to meet.

The pure in heart protected are
By their attitude,
Of single vision, piercing far,
Seeing only good.
God they see in everything,
Knowing nothing else;
So to them God doth bring
The likeness of Himself.

Now

Dedicated to May A. Wiggin

Once I heard a speaker say:
Now is the time, my dear,
Never will you richer be
Than you are right "now" and here.
For within you hidden
Is a mighty reservoir
Of health, joy and riches,
All things you're longing for.

I went home and pondered—
Just what did she mean?
Had we really a golden mine
Hidden deep within?
I pondered long and earnestly,
And finally found the key:
To the storehouse piled with plenty
Awaiting command from me.

Might

“God in the midst of me, mighty.”
Try letting this thought roam
Into every cell and molecule
That constitutes your home.
Send it in with strength and vim,
Claim it, voice it loud,
Till vibrations new come unto you,
Raising those that bowed.

“God in the midst of me, mighty”,
An impregnable fortress I;
No longer assailed by passing gales
Of thought that make one die.
Filled instead with vigor,
Getting a different view
Of life, with a mighty victor
Dwelling always with you.

The Voice

I am—the voice in the darkness
Calling to you—Here am I!
But I cannot see; where is the switch?
I hear you faintly cry.
The switch? it's right within you;
Stop fearing, still your mind,
Have trust in "Me." I'll tell you
How the "light" to surely find.

Relax, be calm; sit down, dear,
In that chair by the wall.
God's arms are underneath you—
No, you cannot fall.
Ah! now you are calm and steady,
With a deep, sure trust in "Me."
You've pressed the switch, the lamp is lit
With love encircling thee.

Rest

Under the shadow of Thy wing,
Sheltered and caressed,
Safe as any birdling
With its mother on the nest.
To know and feel Thy perfect love
So well encircling me,
Always to know we are as One
Bound inseparably.

Does this not convey a rest
So calm and deeply poised
That disturbed it cannot be
By any outward noise?
Knowing whatever cometh
This can be surely said:
“None of these things move me”;
By Thee alone I’m lead.

Tolerance

Do let us be tolerant
Of each other's plan;
Recognize the original slant
In each individual man.
The violet and the pansy—
Do not quarrel because they
Are not in pattern formed alike;
God is great, they say.

He gives to each a beauty
Peculiarly their own;
Even a different shape and size
To each and every stone.
Let's know the individual view
Each man loves to hug,
Are like the beautiful colored weaves
In a Persian rug.

Security

“Let Thy will be done in me”;
To me this doth imply
A sense of deep security
On which we can rely.
For Thy will means perfection,
Health, and joy supreme,
Abundant good, prosperity,
A bank on which to lean.

So, Lord, when Thy perfect will
I’ve gladly made mine own,
Then shall I know assuredly
I never am alone.
Then shall I speak authoritatively,
See with vision clear,
That limitation’s realm has burst
And Thou hast cast out fear.

Psycho-Analysis

Listen, my brother, tarry a while;
I've a secret to tell to thee.
Life is just like an open book
When once you have found the key.
It is crystal clear, there's beauty here,
Abundance for you and me;
Puzzle not on the whys and wheres—
What do they matter to thee?

Just know that you hold within yourself
The power to set you free
From bondage of fear, worry or doubt;
Loose the captivity
Of the thought held repressed
Which has caused a complex
In the storehouse deep within.
Dig it up, let it out, proclaim with a shout
Hurrah! I am free to win.

The Law of Attraction

When our minds get into action,
With the great law of attraction,
We find a wondrous power
Has been freed.
Our pockets which were empty
Now are filled with plenty;
We have friends
And all things that we need.

Let's reap the satisfaction
Of the great law of attraction,
Practice sending what
We'd pay for if we bought.
Then we'll know with exact measure
We shall reap the kind of treasure
We have planted
In our fertile field of thought.

Emancipation

That word—Emancipation!

How proud we felt when we
Of the North had freed the slaves;

But are “we” really free?

Have we the vision that Lincoln had
Of pure democracy?

Or do we class some as aliens

In this land of liberty?

Lincoln saw a united land

From racial prejudice free;

He knew all men were brothers,

Born in whatever countree;

Some have lost sight of his message;

They think they’re a different clan

Because of the greater advantage

They’ve had than the other man.

Prosperity

Prosperity for the nation!
Come on, join the clan!
By a noble proclamation
Spread the universal plan.
Take the word "Co-operation",
With its great tremendous force,
'Twill change old dull Stagnation
To a rushing, vibrant course.

Come, practice it, apply it;
Let's watch it grow and spread;
Both employer and employee
Daily eating of the bread
Named Satisfaction,
That comes from Unity
Joined together in one purpose
To have all men really free.

Youth

How beautiful is happy Youth!
With round, wide, open eyes,
Always seeking, day by day,
Some pleasurable surprise;
Taking joyfully what comes
With no thought of the bill,
In perfect trust that parents can
Their every want fulfill.

Wise parents do their very best
To keep this trust alive,
Even tho' they've limited means.
How much more will God strive
To satisfy our every want
From limitless supply.
When we ask with childlike trust,
He never will deny.

Eternal Youth

They tell you, here's your birthday,
Remind you of it with flowers;
The flowers are fine, but why waste time
On dead, departed hours?
Now is the time of promise,
Each day you are born anew,
With glorious youth rebounding
In the veins renewing you.

The key to the situation?
What are you sending home?
Thoughts of age and wrinkles,
Or care-free thoughts that roam
Out in the fields a singing,
Enjoying a swim at the pool,
Laughing, dancing and skipping?
Ah! now you have found the tool.

Desire

Desire's the embryonic urge
Within us all intent
Upon accomplishment
Of that to which it's bent.
Do not stifle it, nor think
This thing, it can't be so;
See it as the forerunner
Of a thing that's going to grow.

Do you wish for fame ?—perhaps
Music is your bent;
Know Desire is promise of
Future accomplishment.
Desire is good; combine with it
Ability to stick,
Keep the lamp a burning
And be sure you trim the wick.

Joy

I felt so happy, joyous and free,
And a little voice whispered to me:
"Speak your joy aloud to the world,
So many are sad, you see."
I'm telling you true, believe me do,
There's no need of being blue;
Your world will fill you with ecstasy
If you make your "Thought" anew.

Take a few moments every day
And focus your mind on "Joy";
Speak the word, caress the word,
Play with it like a toy.
Soon your mouth will have corners up,
Your face will be beaming, too,
And Oh! the wonderful brimming cup
Of good that will come to you.

The Body Beautiful

Build up the body beautiful
With loving words and praise;
Give life to it, and prosper it
In all your thoughts and ways.
Be alert and watchful,
Let no word enter in
That does not help to reconstruct
The active cells within.

Each cell is listening to you,
Eager for your love and praise;
If you give them these
They'll help you
In a myriad different ways,
With power, life and beauty
They will fill your veins anew
And you'll find the body beautiful
A literal truth to you.

Nature's Way

Nature is so friendly,
She tries with all her might
To save us from disaster,
And guide our steps aright.
We should pay attention
To her warning twinge of pain,
And find wherein we've transgressed
The law of health again.

It's natural to be healthy,
But we upset the plan
By the various indiscretions
Of the so-called normal man.
Let common sense just show us
How to help along the plan,
Or, nature's kindly warnings
Will again take us in hand.

Happiness

How beautifully contagious
Is a gleam of happiness!
It flashes suddenly on your path
Like a sunbeam's sweet caress,
And you feel a load's been lifted—
You are carefree, and you sing,
Oh! for happy smiling faces
That will help us all to win.

Yesterday a car conductor
Gave this thrill to me,
As the passengers were crowding on
He smiled so happily,
They jostled him and crowded him,
He did not seem to care.
He still kept smiling happily
As he shouted—All on there!

The Echo

You too have loved the wild places,
The great wide-open spaces,
Where mountain, valley, sky and sea
Blend in perfect harmony;
Wild places with canyon's deep,
Where one almost fears to speak
Lest he break the majestic calm
And sound a false note of alarm.

How silent it all is out there!
One almost hesitates to dare
To think, feeling so small
Beside the maker of it all.
Yet, should he grow so bold,
In thought sublime he will be told,
Greater than this, more wondrous still,
Is man, when he performs my will.

Reiteration

I know I sound like a hammer
Knocking on a nail.
But, were the nails not well driven in,
The building would be frail.
The foundation must be solid,
As steady as a rock;
Then come what may, it will not fall
E'en tho' it receive a shock.

Some say—That's not new to me,
I've heard it all before.
But had the nails been well driven in
They would have builded more;
Had they in foundation
Been not inclined to shirk,
Their house would now be beautiful,
Result of splendid work.

Supply

How glorious to know and touch
Unlimited supply!
To speak the word with Christ,
To know we can rely
On Thee to instantly fulfill
Our immediate need;
No longer do we beggarly
Supplicate and plead.

Wealth is mine, wealth is yours,
It's waiting our command;
So great it is, impossible
Too much to demand.
The more we use and pass along
The better do we serve,
So high is piled the storehouse,
So great is the reserve.

The Potter

I am in tune with the Infinite,
I see the purpose of Mind
In creating life eternal
For nature and all mankind.
Mind with no beginning,
Mind without an end,
Infinite, Almighty
In its purpose to befriend.

True, the substance changes
As does the potter's clay,
Renewing and evolving
Consistently each day,
With infinite variety
Of patterns ever new,
Unfolding in the consciousness
Of creative potter view.

Plastic mind, from which we take
Our substance day by day,
Are we clumsy potters
In fashioning this fine clay?
Think how truly wonderful

Our temples we could make
Did we as perfect potters
Dissolve, and recreate.

Be as a perfect potter
With finest kind of clay,
And ability to fashion form
So it shall ever stay,
Exquisite thing of beauty,
Perfect in its art,
Reflecting rays from potter soul
To each admirer's heart.

God

Behold! the hour is come:
All humanity seeing
With perfect clarity of vision—
God! the very essence of their being.
Knowing they are immersed in God
As water absorbed in a sponge—
God the limitless! Impossible to plunge
Into separation,
Always, forever, One.

The Victorious Attitude

Father, I should faint indeed
If Thou were not my prop;
But with Thee to urge me on,
I cannot, will not stop.
But press onward in the truth
As far as I perceive,
Knowing Thou wilt fertilize
The next need I conceive.

So with Thee as guide by day,
My couch of rest at night,
Peace shall be my portion—
Life one long delight.
Even tho' Thou seem to fail
To answer some request,
Still closer will I press to Thee,
Convinced Thou knowest best.

Renunciation

In seeking Truth, for love of Truth,
Not for some reward,
There's joy in conquest all the way;
We do not feel the sword
That separates us from the false;
Instead, we feel release
From senses that would bind and blind
Us to the perfect peace.

Be not afraid that you will lose
In seeking Truth and Light.
Always will you gainer be,
Each day know more delight.
The joys of Spirit transcend far
The fleeting joys of sense.
Sense joys oft leave a bitter taste,
Truth brings us joy intense.

You

Do you think of yourself as son of the King?
Then claim your birthright now.
The wonderful heritage that is yours
Know that you can endow
Each one of your subjects
Over which you reign
With power to carry out your will
By right use of your name.

Your name? I Am! Your kingdom?
Yourself! with its myriad cells,
Each one a willing subject
To answer the various bells
That ring, when you issue an order
In the name of the great "I Am."
When you speak as befitting the Prince of Love
Your subjects glorify man.

Regeneration

"I am the resurrection life";
This literally is true
When you the way have opened
To Christ consciousness in you.
With Christ thought well established
In your body, soul and mind,
Perplexities that bothered you
Vanish, you will find.

With Christ the way is easy
When to Him you give
Your close, absorbed attention,
Then do you truly live.
Then you see with vision clear
Each step of the way.
In quiet confidence and trust
He guides you thru each day.

Illumination

I talk with Thee, I walk with Thee,
I voice Thee every way,
So radiantly full of joy
Is life now every day.
Rejoicing in the urge within
Of creative bliss,
Bringing forth a form divine
From the shadowy mist.

Every hour, every minute
Filled with life divine,
Inspiring great activity
With no time left to pine;
Work to do, strength to do it,
Glad and eager to begin it.
When evening comes and time for rest
I sleep in peace, serenely blest.

My Place

In this great impenetrable space,
I thank thee Lord I have a place;
Thank thee that my soul can dare
To voice itself, to fling on air
The thought,—I am divine, I am
Part of thy almighty plan.

Thus boldly doth my soul declare
Itself, knowing it can
Co-worker be with thee, and plan
To spread abroad o'er all the earth
The message clear,—“Man’s priceless worth,”
Awakening him to dare.

Photomount
Pamphlet
Binder
Gaylord Bros.
Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. JAN 21, 1908

YB

494200

Brazier

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

